THE

LYING VALET;

As it is now performing with Great Applauſe,

AT THE

THEATRE

IN

Goodman's-Fields.

By D. GARRICK.

DUBLIN:

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MDCCXLI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Gayleſs	Mr. *Blakes.*
Sharp [the Lying Valet]	Mr. *Garrick.*
Juſtice Guttle	Mr. *Paget.*
Beau Trippit	Mr. *Peterſon.*
Dick	Mr. *Yates.*

WOMEN.

Meliſſa	Mrs. *Yates.*
Kitty Pry	Mrs. *Hippeſley.*
Mrs. Gadabout	Mrs. *Bambridge.*
Mrs. Trippit	Miſs *Medina.*
Priſſy	Mrs. *Dunſtal.*

BRITISH
28 JY 84
MUSEUM

THE LYING VALET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

GAYLESS's Lodgings.

Enter GAYLESS *and* SHARP.

Sharp.

HOW, Sir! ſhall you be married To-morrow: Eh, I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble Servant.

Gay. I tell thee, *Sharp*, laſt Night *Meliſſa* conſented, and fixed to-morrow for the happy Day.

Sharp. 'Tis well ſhe did, Sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our preſent Condition: All your Money ſpent; your Moveables ſold; your Honour almoſt ruined, and your humble Servant almoſt ſtarv'd; we could not poſſibly have ſtood it two Days longer ——— But if this young Lady will marry you and relieve us, o'my Conſcience I'll turn Friend to the Sex, rail no more at Matrimony, but curſe the Whores, and think of a Wife myſelf.

Gay. And yet, *Sharp*, when I think how I have impoſed upon her, I am almoſt reſolv'd to throw myſelf at her Feet, tell her the real Situation of my Affairs, ask her Pardon, and implore her Pity.

Sharp. After Marriage with all my Heart, Sir; but don't let your Conſcience and Honour ſo far get the better of your Poverty and good Senſe, as to rely on ſo great Uncertainties as a fine Lady's Mercy and Good-nature.

Gay. I know her generous Temper, and am almoſt perſuaded to rely upon it: What, becauſe I am poor, ſhall I abandon my Honour?

Sharp. Yes, you muſt, Sir, or abandon me: So, pray, diſcharge one of us; for eat I muſt, and ſpeedily too, and you know very well that that Honour of yours, will neither introduce you to a great Man's Table, nor get me Credit for a ſingle Beef-Steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while Honour ſticks in your Throat: do gulp, Maſter, and down with it.

Gay. Prithee leave me to my Thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in ſuch bad Company, I'll aſſure you! Why you muſt certainly be a very great Philoſopher, Sir, to moralize and declaim ſo charmingly, as you do, about Honour and Conſcience, when your Doors are beſet with Bailiffs, and not one ſingle Guinea in your Pocket to bribe the Villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your Advice, Sirrah!

Sharp. Do you be wiſe, and take it, Sir. But to be ſerious, you certainly have ſpent your Fortune, and out-liv'd your Credit, as your Pockets and my Belly can teſtify: Your Father has diſown'd you; all your Friends forſook you, except myſelf, who am ſtarving with you. Now, Sir, if you marry this young Lady, who as yet, thank Heaven, knows nothing of your Misfortunes, and by that means procure a better Fortune than that you ſquander'd away, make a good Husband, and turn Oeconomiſt; you ſtill may be happy, may ſtill be Sir *William*'s Heir, and the Lady too no Loſer by the Bargain: There's Reaſon and Argument, Sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that Proſpect I firſt made Love to her; and though my Fortune has been ill ſpent, I have, at leaſt, purchaſed Diſcretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, Sir, and make no more Objections to the Marriage: You ſee, I am reduced to my Waiſtcoat already; and when Neceſſity

Neceſſity has undreſs'd me from Top to Toe, ſhe muſt begin with you; and then we ſhall be forced to keep Houſe and die by Inches. Look you, Sir, if you won't reſolve to take my Advice, while you have one Coat to your Back, I muſt e'en take to my Heels while I have Strength to run, and ſomething to cover me: So, Sir, wiſhing you much Comfort and Conſolation with your bare Conſcience, I am your moſt obedient and half-ſtarv'd Friend and Servant [*Going.*

Gay. Hold, *Sharp*, you won't leave me.

Sharp. I muſt eat, Sir; by my Honour and Appetite I muſt!

Gay. Well then, I am reſolv'd to favour the Cheat, and as I ſhall quite change my former Courſe of Life, happy may be the Conſequences: at leaſt of this I am ſure———

Sharp. That you can't be worſe than you are at preſent.

Gay. [*A knocking without.*] —— Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good Friends, who favour'd you with Money at fifty *per Cent*, and help'd you to ſpend it; and are now become daily Memento's to you of the folly of truſting Rogues, following Whores, and laughing at my Advice.

Gay. Ceaſe your Impertinence! to the Door! if they are Duns, tell 'em my Marriage is now certainly fix'd, and perſuade 'em ſtill to forbear a few Days longer, and keep my Circumſtances a Secret for their Sakes as well as my own.

Sharp. O never fear it, Sir; they ſtill have ſo much Friendſhip for you, not to deſire your Ruin to to their own Diſadvantage.

Gay. And do you hear, *Sharp*; if it ſhould be any body from *Meliſſa*, ſay I am not at home. leſt the bad Appearance we make here ſhould make 'em ſuſpect ſomething to our Diſadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, Sir;——but I am afraid they will eaſily diſcover the conſumptive Situation of our Affairs by my chop-fallen Countenance. [*Ex.* Sharp.

Gay. Theſe very Raſcals who are now continually dunning and perſecuting me, were the very Perſons who led me to my Ruin, partook of my Proſperity, and profeſs'd the greateſt Friendſhip.

Sharp. [*without.*] Upon my word, Mrs. *Kitty*, my Maſter's not at home.

Kitty. [*without.*] Lookee, *Sharp*, I muſt and will ſee him!

Gay. Ha, what do I hear? *Meliſſa*'s Maid! What has brought her here? My Poverty has made her my Enemy too——She is certainly come with no good Intent —— No Friendſhip there, without Fees —— She's coming up Stairs —— What muſt I do? —— I'll get into this Cloſet and liſten. [*Exit.* Gayleſs.

Enter Sharp *and* Kitty.

Kitty. I muſt know where he is, and will know too, Mr Impertinence!

Sharp. Not of me you won't. [*Aſide.*] He's not within, I tell you, Mrs. *Kitty*; I don't know myſelf: do you think I can conjure?

Kitty. But I know you will lye abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my Miſtreſs *Meliſſa*; you know, I ſuppoſe, what's to be done to-morrow morning?

Sharp. Ay, and to-morrow Night too, Girl!

Kitty. Not if I can help it. [*Aſide.*] ——— But come where is your Maſter? for ſee him I muſt.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs. *Kitty*, what's your Opinion of this Match between my Maſter and your Miſtreſs?

Kitty. Why, I have no Opinion of it all; and yet moſt of our Wants will be relieved by it too: for inſtance now, your Maſter will get a Fortune, that's what I am afraid he wants; my Miſtreſs will get a Husband, that's what ſhe has wanted for ſome time: you will have the Pleaſure of my Converſation, and I an Opportunity of breaking your Head for your Impertinence.

Sharp.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your moſt humble Servant! But I'll tell you what, Mrs. *Kitty*, I am poſitively againſt the Match; for, was I a Man of my Maſter's Fortune——

Kitty. You'd marry if you cou'd and mend it. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, *Sharp*, where does your Maſter's Eſtate lie?

Gay. Oh the Devil; what a Queſtion was there [*Aſide.*

Sharp. Lie, lie! why it lies —— faith, I can't name any particular Place it lies in ſo many; his Effects are divided, ſome here, ſome there, his Steward hardly knows himſelf.

Kitty. Scatter'd, ſcatter'd, I ſuppoſe. But harkee' *Sharp*, what's become of your Furniture? You ſeem to be a little bare here at preſent

Gay. What, has ſhe found out that too? [*Aſide.*

Sharp. Why, you muſt know, as ſoon as the Wedding was fixed, my Maſter order'd me to remove his Goods into a Friend's Houſe, to make room for a Ball which he deſigns to give here the Day after the Marriage.

Kitty. The luckieſt Thing in the World! for my Miſtreſs deſigns to have a Ball and Entertainment here to-night before the Marriage; and that's my Buſineſs with your Maſter.

Sharp. The Devil it is! [*Aſide.*

Kitty. She'll not have it publick, ſhe deſigns to invite only eight or ten Couple of Friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kitty. No more: and ſhe ordered me to deſire your Maſter not to make a great Entertainment.

Sharp. Oh, never fear ——

Kitty. Ten or a Dozen little nice Things, with ſome Fruit, I believe, will be enough in all Conſcience.

Sharp. Oh, curſe your Conſcience! [*Aſide.*

Kitty. And what do you think I have done of my own Head?

Sharp. What?

Kitty. I have invited all my Lord *Stately*'s Servants to come and ſee you, and have a Dance in the Kitchen: Won't your Maſter be ſurpriz'd?

Sharp. Much ſo indeed!

Kitty. Well, be quick and find out your Maſter, and make what haſte you can with your Preparations: you have no Time to loſe. —— Prithee, *Sharp*, what's the matter with you? I have not ſeen you for ſome time, and you ſeem to look a little thin.

Sharp. O my unfortunate Face! [*Aſide.*] I'm in pure good Health, thank you, Mrs. *Kitty*; and I'll aſſure you, I have a very good Stomach, never better in all my Life, and I am as full of Vigour, Huſſy! [*Offers to kiſs her.*]

Kitty. What, with that Face! Well, bye, bye, [*going*] — oh, *Sharp*, what ill-looking Fellows are thoſe, were ſtanding about your Door when I came in? They want your Maſter too, I ſuppoſe.

Sharp. Hum! Yes, they are waiting for him— They are ſome of his Tenants out of the Country that want to pay him ſome Money.

Kitty. Tenants! What, do you let his Tenants ſtand in the Street?

Sharp. They chuſe it; as they ſeldom come to Town, they are willing to ſee as much of it as they can, when they do; they are raw, ignorant, honeſt people.

Kitty. Well, I muſt run home, farewel!—— But do you hear? Get ſomething ſubſtantial for us in the Kitchen —— a Ham, a Turkey, or what you will——We'll be very merry; and be ſure remove the Tables and Chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confined in my French Dances; tal, lal, lal, [*dancing*] Well, adieu! Without any Compliment I ſhall die if I don't ſee you ſoon. [*Exit Kitty.*

Sharp. And without any Compliment, I pray Heaven you may.

Enter

Enter Gayleſs.

[*They look for ſome Time ſorrowful at each other.*]

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh Maſter!

Gay. We are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no News to me.

Gay. Eight or ten couple of Dancers, —— ten or a dozen little nice Diſhes with ſome Fruit— my Lord *Stately*'s Servants, Ham and Turkey!

Sharp. Say no more; the very Sound creates an Appetite: and I am ſure of late I have had no occaſion for Whetters and Provocatives.

Gay. Curs'd Misfortune! What can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourſelves; I ſee no other Remedy: except you have a Receipt to give a Ball and a Supper without Meat or Muſick.

Gay. *Meliſſa* has certainly heard of my bad Circumſtances, and has invented this Scheme to diſtreſs me and break of the Match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, Sir; begging your Pardon.

Gay. No, why did her Maid then make ſo ſtrict an Enquiry into my Fortune and Affairs?

Sharp. For two very ſubſtantial Reaſons; the firſt, to ſatisfy a Curioſity, natural to her as a Woman; the ſecond, to have the Pleaſure of my Converſation, very natural to her as a Woman of Taſte and Underſtanding.

Gay. Prithee be more ſerious: Is not our All at ſtake?

Sharp. Yes, Sir: and yet that All of ours is of ſo little Conſequence, that a Man, with a very ſmall Share of Philoſophy, may part from it without much Pain or Uneaſineſs. However, Sir, I'll convince you in half an Hour, that Mrs. *Meliſſa* knows nothing of your Circumſtances; and I'll tell you what too, Sir, ſhe ſhan't be here to-night, and yet you ſhall marry her to-morrow Morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp.

Sharp.

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, Sir! Warm, warm, and Delays will cool it; therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as Love and Poverty will permit you.

Would you ſucceed, a faithful Friend depute,
Whoſe Head can plan, and Front can execute.

I am the Man, and I hope you neither diſpute my Friendſhip or Qualification.

Gay. Indeed I don't. Prithee be gone.

Sharp. I fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Meliſſa's *Lodgings.*

Enter Meliſſa *and* Kitty.

Mel. You ſurprize me *Kitty!* the Maſter not at home! the Man in Confuſion! no Furniture in the Houſe! and ill-looking Fellows about the Doors! 'Tis all a Riddle.

Kitty. But very eaſy to be explain'd.

Mel. Prithee explain it then, nor keep me longer in Suſpence.

Kitty. The Affair is this, Madam, Mr *Gayleſs* is over Head and Ears in Debt; you are over Head and Ears in Love; you'll marry him to-morrow, the next Day your whole Fortune goes to his Creditors, and you and your Children are to live comfortably upon the remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him baſe.

Kitty. But I know they are all baſe —— You are very young, and very ignorant of the Sex; I am young too, but have more Experience: you never was in Love before; I have been in Love with an hundred, and try'd 'em all; and know 'em to be a Parcel of barbarous, perjured, deluding, bewitching Devils.

Mel.

Mel. The low Wretches you have had to do with, may anſwer the Character you give 'em; but Mr. *Gayleſs*.—

Kitty. Is a Man, Madam.

Mel. I hope ſo, *Kitty*, or I would have nothing to do with him.

Kitty. With all my Heart—I have given you my Sentiments upon the Occaſion, and ſhall leave you to your own Inclinations.

Mel. Oh, Madam, I am much oblig'd to you for your great Condeſcenſion, ha, ha, ha! However, I have ſo great a Regard for your Opinion, that had I certain Proofs of his Villany.——

Kitty. Of his Poverty you may have a hundred: I am ſure I have had none to the contrary.

Mel. Oh, there the Shoe pinches. [*Aſide.*

Kitty. Nay, ſo far from giving me the uſual Perquiſites of my Place, he has not ſo much as kept me in Temper with little endearing Civilities; and one might reaſonably expect when a Man is deficient in one Way, that he ſhould make it up in another.

[*Knocking without*

Mel. See who's at the Door. [*Exit* Kitty.]— I muſt be cautious how I hearken too much to this Girl Her bad Opinion of Mr. *Gayleſs* ſeems to ariſe from his Diſregard of her—

Enter Sharp *and* Kitty.

So, *Sharp*; have you found your Maſter? Will Things be ready for the Ball and Entertainment?

Sharp. To your Wiſhes, Madam. I have juſt now beſpoke the Muſick and Supper, and wait now for your Ladyſhip's farther Commands.

Mel. My Compliments to your Maſter, and let him know I and my Company will be with him by Six; we deſign to drink Tea, and play at Cards before we dance.

Kitty.

Kitty. So ſhall I and my Company, Mr. *Sharp.*
[*Aſide.*

Sharp. Mighty well, Madam!

Mel. Prithee, *Sharp*, what makes you come without your Coat? 'Tis too cool to go ſo airy, ſure.

Kitty. Mr. *Sharp*, Madam, is of a very hot Conſtitution, ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever ſo cool I have had enough to warm me ſince I came from home, I'm ſure; but no matter for that. [*Sighing.*

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, Madam; I beſeech you don't: Let us change the Subject.

Kitty. Inſiſt upon knowing it, Madam — My Curioſity muſt be ſatisfied, or I ſhall burſt.
[*Aſide.*

Mel. I do inſiſt upon knowing—On pain of my Diſpleaſure, tell me!

Sharp. If my Maſter ſhould know—I muſt not tell you, Madam, indeed.

Mel. I promiſe you, upon my Honour, he never ſhall.

Sharp. But can your Ladyſhip inſure Secrecy from that Quarter?

Kitty. Yes, Mr. Jackanapes, for any thing you can ſay.

Mel. I'll engage for her.

Sharp. Why then, in ſhort, Madam—I cannot tell you.

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then ſince you will have it, Madam—I loſt my Coat in Defence of your Reputation.

Mel. In Defence of my Reputation!

Sharp. I will aſſure you, Madam, I've ſuffer'd very much in Defence of it; which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Prithee explain.

Sharp. In ſhort, Madam, you was ſeen about a Month ago, to make a viſit to my Maſter alone.

Mel. Alone! my Servant was with me.

Sharp

Sharp. What, Mrs. *Kitty?* So much the worſe; for ſhe was look'd upon as my Property; and I was brought in guilty as well as you and my Maſter.

Kitty. What, your Property, Jackanapes?

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. Why, Madam, as I came out but now to make Preparations for you and your Company to-night; Mrs. *Pryabout*, the Attorney's Wife at next Door calls to me; Hark'ee, Fellow! ſays ſhe, Do you and your modeſt Maſter know that my Husband ſhall indite your Houſe, at the next Pariſh Meeting, for a Nuſance?

Mel. A Nuſance!

Sharp. I ſaid ſo—A Nuſance! I believe none in the Neighbourhood live with more Decency and Regularity than I and my Maſter, as is really the Caſe—Decency and Regularity, cries ſhe, with a Sneer, —why, Sirrah, does not my Window look into your Maſter's Bed-Chamber? And did not he bring in a certain Lady, ſuch a Day? deſcribing you, Madam And did not I ſee—

Mel. See! Oh ſcandalous! What?

Sharp. Modeſty requires my Silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her?

Sharp. Contradict her! Why, I told her I was ſure ſhe ly'd; for, zounds! ſaid I, for I could not help ſwearing, I am ſo well convinced of the Lady's and my Maſter's Prudence, that, I am ſure, had they a mind to amuſe themſelves they would certainly have drawn the Window-Curtains.

Mel. What, did you ſay nothing elſe? Did not you convince her of her Error and Impertinence?

Sharp. She ſwore to ſuch Things, that I could do nothing but ſweat and call Names: upon which, out-bolts her Husband upon me, with a fine taper Crab in his Hand, and fell upon me with ſuch Violence, that, being half delirious, I made a full Confeſſion.

Mel. A full Confeſſion! What did you confeſs?

Sharp. That my Maſter lov'd Fornication; that you had no Averſion to it; that Mrs. *Kitty* was a Bawd, and your humble Servant a Pimp.

Kitty. A Bawd! a Bawd! Do I look like a Bawd, Madam?

Sharp. And ſo, Madam, in the Scuffle, my Coat was torn to pieces as well as your Reputation.

Mel. And ſo you join'd to make me infamous!

Sharp. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, what could I do? His Proofs fell ſo thick upon me, as Witneſs my Head, (*ſhewing his Head plaiſter'd*) that I would have given up all the Maidenheads in the Kingdom, rather than have my Brains beat to a Jelly.

Mel. Very well!—but I'll be reveng'd!—And did not you tell your Maſter of this?

Sharp. Tell him! No, Madam,! Had I told him, his Love is ſo violent for you, that he would certainly have murder'd half the Attornies in Town by this Time.

Mel. Very well!—But I'm reſolv'd not to go to your Maſter's to night.

Sharp. Heavens and my Impudence be praiſed. [*Aſide*]

Kitty. Why not, Madam? If you are not guilty, face your Accuſers.

Sharp. Oh the Devil! Ruin'd again! [*Aſide.*] To be ſure, face 'em by all means, Madam—They can but be abuſive, and break the Windows a little;—Beſides, Madam, I have thought of a Way to make this Affair quite diverting to you—I have a fine Blunderbuſs charg'd with half a hundred Slugs, and my Maſter has a delicate large *Swiſs* Broad Sword; and between us, Madam, we ſhall ſo pepper and ſlice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

Mel. What, at Murder?

Kitty. Don't fear, Madam, there will be no Murder if *Sharp*'s concern'd.

Sharp. Murder, Madam! 'Tis Self defence; beſides, in theſe Sort of Skirmiſhes, there are never more than two or three kill'd: for, ſuppoſing they bring

bring the whole Body of Militia upon us, down but with a Brace of them, and away fly the reſt of the Covey.

Mel. Perſuade me never ſo much, I won't go; that's my Reſolution.

Kitty. Why then, I'll tell you what, Madam, ſince you are reſolv'd not to go to the Supper, ſuppoſe the Supper was to come to you: 'Tis great Pity ſuch great Preparations as Mr. *Sharp* has made ſhould be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you ſay, Mrs. *Kitty*. But I can immediately run back and unbeſpeak what I have order'd; 'tis ſoon done.

Mel. But then what Excuſe can I ſend to your Maſter? He'll be very uneaſy at my not coming.

Sharp. Oh terribly ſo! — but I have it — I'll tell him you are very much out of Order —— that you were ſuddenly taken with the Vapours or Qualms; or what you pleaſe, Madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, *Sharp*, to make my Apology; and there's half a Guinea for you to help your Invention.

Sharp. Half a Guinea!——'Tis ſo long ſince I had any thing to do with Money, that I ſcarcely know the current Coin of my own Country. Oh, *Sharp*, what Talents haſt thou! To ſecure thy Maſter; deceive his Miſtreſs; out-lie her Chambermaid; and yet be paid for thy Honeſty! But my Joy will diſcover me [*aſide*] Madam, you have eternally fix'd *Timothy Sharp* your moſt obedient humble Servant! — Oh the Delights of Impudence and a good Underſtanding! [*Exit* Sharp.

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever ſuch a lying Varlet? With his Slugs and his Broad Swords; his Attorneys and broken Heads, and Nonſenſe! Well, Madam, are you ſatisfy'd now? Do you want more Proofs?

Mel. Of your Modeſty I do: but, I find, you are reſolv'd to give me none.

Kitty. Madam?

Mel. I ſee thro' your little mean Artifice: you are endeavouring to leſſen Mr. *Gayleſs* in my Opinion, becauſe he has not paid you for Services he had no Occaſion for.

Kitty. Pay me, Madam! I am ſure I have very little Occaſion to be angry with Mr. *Gayleſs* for not paying me, when, I believe, 'tis his general Practice.

Mel. 'Tis falſe! He's a Gentleman and a Man of Honour, and you are——

Kitty. Not in Love, I thank Heaven! (*curtſeying.*)

Mel. You are a Fool.

I have been in Love; but I am much wiſer

Kitty. now.

Mel. Hold your Tongue, Impertinence!

Kitty. That's the ſevereſt Thing ſhe has ſaid yet. (*Aſide.*)

Mel. Leave me.

Kitty. Oh this Love, this Love is the Devil. [*Exit* Kitty.

Mel. We diſcover our Weakneſſes to our Servants, make them our Confidents, put 'em upon an Equality with us, and ſo they become our Adviſers—— *Sharp's* Behaviour, tho' I ſeem'd to diſregard it, makes me tremble with Apprehenſions; and tho' I have pretended to be angry with *Kitty* for her Advice, I think it of too much Conſequence to be neglected.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. May I ſpeak, Madam?

Mel. Don't be a Fool. What do you want.

Kitty. There is a Servant juſt come out of the Country, ſays, he belongs to Sir *William Gayleſs*, and has got a Letter for you from his Maſter upon very urgent Buſineſs.

Mel. Sir *William Gayleſs*! What can this mean? Where is the Man?

Kitty. In the Little Parlour, Madam?

Mel.

Mel. I'll go to him———My Heart flutters ſtrangely. [*Exit Meliſſa.*

Kitty. Oh Woman, Woman, fooliſh Woman! ſhe'll certainly have this *Gayleſs*: nay, were ſhe as well convinc'd of his Poverty as I am, ſhe'd have him.——A ſtrong Doſe of Love is worſe than one of Ratifia; when it once gets into our Heads, it trips up our Heels, and then good Night to Diſcretion. Here is ſhe going to throw away fifteen thouſand Pounds; Upon what? Faith, little better than Nothing.———He's a Man, and that's all——— and Heaven knows meer Man is but ſmall Conſolation.

Be this Advice purſu'd by each fond Maid,
Ne'er ſlight the Subſtance for an empty Shade:
Rich, weighty Sparks alone ſhould pleaſe and charm ye;
For ſhould Spouſe cool, his Gold will always warm ye.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT. II.

Enter GAYLESS *and* SHARP.

Gay. PRithee be ſerious, *Sharp.* Haſt thou really ſucceeded?

Sharp. To our wiſhes, Sir. In ſhort I have managed the Buſineſs with ſuch Skill and Dexterity that neither your Circumſtances, nor my Veracity are ſuſpected.

Gay. But how haſt thou excuſed me from the Ball Entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond Expectation, Sir.—But in that particular I was obliged to have recourſe to Truth, and declare the real Situation of your Affairs. I told her we had ſo long diſuſed our ſelves to dreſſing either Dinners or Suppers, that I was afraid we ſhould be but aukward in our Preparations. In ſhort, Sir, —at that inſtant a curſed Gnawing ſeized my Stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myſelf ſeldom make a good meal now-a-days once in a Quarter of a Year.

Gay. Hell and Confuſion, have you betrayed me Villain! Did not you tell me this Moment, ſhe did not in the leaſt ſuſpect my Circumſtances?

Sharp. No more ſhe did, Sir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well; and was this your Skill and Dexterity?

Sharp. I was going to tell you; but you won't hear Reaſon; my melancholy Face and piteous Narration had ſuch an Effect upon her generous Bowels, that ſhe freely forgives all that's paſt.

Gay. Does ſhe, *Sharp?*

Sharp. Yes; and deſires never to ſee your Face again; and as a farther Conſideration for ſo doing, ſhe has ſent you half a Guinea. (*ſhews the Money.*)

Gay. What do you mean?

Sharp.

Sharp. To ſpend it, ſpend it, Sir; and regale.

Gay. Villian, you have undone me!

Sharp. What, by bringing you Money, when you are not worth a Farthing in the whole World? Well, well, then to make you happy again, I'll keep it myſelf; and with ſome-Body would take it in their Head to load me with ſuch Misfortunes. (*puts up the Money.*)

Gay. Do you laugh at me, Raſcal?

Sharp. Who deſerves more to be laugh'd at? Ha, ha, ha. Never for the future, Sir, diſpute the Succeſs of my Negociations, when, even you, who know me ſo well, can't help ſwallowing my Hook. Why, Sir, I could have play'd with you backwards and forwards at the End of my Line, till I had put your Senſes into ſuch a Fermentation, that you ſhould not have known in an Hour's Time, whether you was a Fiſh or a Man.

Gay. Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

Sharp. A down-right Lye from Beginning to End.

Gay. And have you really excuſed me to her?

Sharp. No, Sir, but I have got this Half Guinea t make her Excuſes to you; and, inſtead of a Confederacy between you and me to deceive her, ſhe thinks ſhe has brought me over to put the Deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent Fellow!

Sharp. Don't loſe Time, but ſlip out of the Houſe immediately; the back-way, I believe, will be the ſafeſt for you, and to her as faſt as you can; pretend vaſt Surprize and Concern, that her Indiſpoſition has debarr'd you the Pleaſure of her Company here to Night: You need know no more; away!

Gay. But what ſhall we do, *Sharp*? Here's her Maid again.

Sharp. The Devil ſhe is. ——— I wiſh I could poiſon her; for I'm ſure, while ſhe lives, I can never proſper.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Your Door was open, ſo I did not ſtand upCeremony.

Gay.

Gay. I am ſorry to hear your Miſtreſs is taken ſo ſuddenly.

Kitty. Vapours, Vapours only, Sir, a few matrimonial Omens, that's all; but I ſuppoſe *Mr. Sharp* has made her Excuſes.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the Pleaſure of her Company to Night, I had made a ſmall Preparation, but 'tis no matter: *Sharp* ſhall go to the reſt of the Company, and let 'em know 'tis put off.

Kitty. Not for the World, Sir; my Miſtreſs was ſenſible you muſt have provided for her, and the reſt of the Company; ſo ſhe is reſolved, tho' ſhe can't, the other Ladies and Gentlemen ſhall partake of your Entertainment; ſhe's very good natur'd.

Sharp. I had better run, and let 'em know 'tis deferr'd. [*Going.*

Kitty. [*ſtopping him.*] I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my Miſtreſs inſiſts upon their coming, and they have all promiſed to be here; ſo, pray, don't be under any Apprehenſions, that your Preparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her Company, Mrs *Kitty*, 'twill be a greater Pleaſure to me, and a greater Compliment to her, to defer our Mirth; beſides, I can't enjoy any thing at preſent, and ſhe not partake of it.

Kitty. Oh, no to be ſure; but what can I do? my Miſtreſs will have it ſo, and Mrs, *Gad-about*, and the reſt of the Company will be here in a few Minutes; there are two or three Coachfuls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my Maſter muſt be ruin'd in ſpite of my Parts.

Gay. (*Aſide to Sharp.*) 'Tis all over, *Sharp.*

Sharp. I know it, Sir.

Gay. I ſhall go diſtracted; what ſhall I do?

Sharp. Why, Sir, as our Rooms are a little out of Furniture at preſent, take 'em into the Captain's that lodges here, and ſet 'em down to Cards; if he ſhould come in the mean time, I'll excuſe you to him.

Kitty. I have diſconcerted their Affairs, I find; I'll have ſome Sport with 'em.—Pray, Mr. *Gayleſs*, don't

don't order too many Things, they only make you a friendly Viſit; the more Ceremony, you know, the leſs Welcome. Pray, Sir, let me intreat you not to be profuſe. If I can be of Service, pray command me, my Miſtreſs has ſent me on purpoſe; while Mr. *Sharp* is doing the Buſineſs without Doors, I may be employed within; if you'll lend me the Keys of your Side-board (*to Sharp*) I'll diſpoſe of your Plate to the beſt Advantage.

Sharp Thank you Mrs. *Kitty*; but it is diſpos'd of already. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Kitty. Bleſs me the Company's come, I'll go to the Door and conduct 'em into your preſence.

[*Exit* Kitty.

Sharp. If you'd conduct them into a Horſe-pond, and wait of them there yourſelf, we ſhould be more obliged to you.

— can never ſupport this?

Gay. — put on an Air of

Sharp. Rouſe your Spirits —

Gaiety, and I dont deſpair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your Words have done it effectually.

Enter Mrs. Gadabout, *her Daughter and Niece*, *Mr.* Guttle, *Mr.* Trippit *and Mrs.* Trippit.

Gad. Ah my dear Mr. *Gayleſs*! [*Kiſſes him.*

Gay. My dear Widow! [*Kiſſes her.*

Gad. We are come to give you Joy, Mr. *Gayleſs*.

Sharp. You never was more miſtaken in your Life. [*Aſide.*

Gad. I have brought ſome Company here, I believe is not ſo well known to you, and I proteſt I have been all about the Town to get the little I have — *Priſſy*, my Dear — Mr. *Gayleſs*, my Daughter.

Gay. And as handſome as her mother; you muſt have a Husband ſhortly, my Dear.

Priſs. I'll aſſure you I don't deſpair, Sir,

M. *Gad*. My Niece too.

Gay. I know by her Eyes ſhe belongs to you Widow.

M. *Gad*. Mr. *Guttle* Sir, Mr. *Gayleſs*. Mr. *Gayleſs*, Juſtice *Guttle*.

Sharp.

Sharp. Oh Deſtruction! one of the *Quorum.*

Gut. Hem, Tho' I had not the Honour of any perſonal Knowledge of you, yet at the Inſtigation of Mrs. *Gadabout*, I have, without any previous Acquaintance with you, throw'd aſide all Ceremony to let you know that I joy to hear the Solemnization of your Nuptials is ſo near at hand.

Gay. Sir, tho' I cannot anſwer you with the ſame Elocution, however, Sir, I thank you with the ſame Sincerity.

M. *Gad.* Mr. [illegible] Mrs. *Trippit*, Sir, the propereſt Lady in the World for your Purpoſe, for ſhe'll dance for four and twenty Hours together.

Trip. My dear *Charles*, I am very angry with you, faith; ſo near Marriage and not let me know, 'twas barbarous; you thought, I ſuppoſe, I ſhould rally you upon it; but dear Mrs. *Trippet* here has long ago eradicated all my antimatrimonial Principles.

Mrs. *Trip.* I eradicate, fye, Mr. *Trippet*, dont be ſo obſcene.

Kit. Pray, Ladies, walk into the next Room Mr. *Sharp* can't lay his Cloath till you are ſet down to Cards.

Gad. One Thing I had quite forgot; Mr. *Gayleſs*, my Nephew who you never ſaw, will be in Town from *France* preſently, ſo I left Word to ſend him here immediately to make one.

Gay. You do me Honour Madam.

Sharp. Do the Ladies chuſe Cards or the Supper firſt?

Gay. Supper! what does the Fellow mean?

Gut. Oh, the Supper by all means, for I have eat nothing to ſignify ſince Dinner.

Sharp. Nor I, ſince laſt Monday was a Fortnight. [*Aſide*

Gay. Pray, Ladies, walk into the next Room: *Sharp*, get Things ready for Supper, and call the Muſick

Sharp. Well ſaid, Maſter.

Gad

Gad. Without Ceremony, Ladies. [*Ex. Ladies.*

Kitty. I'll to my miſtreſs, and let her know every Thing is ready for her Appearance. [*Exit Kitty.*

Guttle and *Sharp.*

Gut. Pray Mr. what's your Name, don't be long with Supper; but harkee, what can I do in the mean Time? Suppoſe you get me a Pipe and ſome good Wine, I'll try to divert myſelf that way till Supper's ready.

Sharp. Or ſuppoſe, Sir, you was to take a Nap till then, there's a very eaſy Couch in that Cloſet.

Gut The beſt Thing in the World, I'll take your Advice, but beſure to wake me when Supper is ready. [*Exit* Guttle.

Sharp. Pray Heav'n you may not wake till then ——What a fine Situation my Maſter is in at preſent? I have promiſed him my Aſſiſtance, but his Affairs are in ſo deſperate a Way, that I am afraid 'tis out of all my Skill to recover 'em. Well, Fools have Fortune, ſays an old Proverb, and a very true one it is, for my Maſter and I are two of the moſt unfortunate Mortals in the Creation.

Enter Gayleſs.

Gay. Well *Sharp*, I have ſet 'em down to Cards, and now what have you to propoſe?

Sharp. I have one Scheme left which in all Probability may ſucceed. The good Citizen overloaded with his laſt Meal, is taking a Nap in that Cloſet, in Order to get him an Appetite for yours. Suppoſe, Sir, we ſhould make him treat us.

Gay. I don't underſtand you.

Sharp. I'll pick his Pocket, and provide us a Supper with the Booty.

Gay. Monſtrous! for without conſidering the Villany of it, the Danger of waking him makes it impracticable!

Sharp

Sharp. If he wakes, I'll ſmother him, and lay his Death to Indigeſtion——a very common Death among the Juſtices.

Gay. Prithee be ſerious, we have no Time to loſe; can you invent nothing to drive 'em out of the Houſe?

Sharp. I can fire it.

Gay. Shame and Confuſion ſo perplex me, I cannot give myſelf a Moment's Thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs. *Gadabout* ſay her Nephew would be here?

Gay. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but into your Company; if I don't ſend 'em out of the Houſe for the Night, I'll at leaſt frighten their Stomachs away; and if this Stratagem fails, I'll relinquiſh Politicks, and think my Underſtanding no better than my Neighbours.

Gay. How ſhall I reward thee, *Sharp?*

Sharp. By your Silence and Obedience: away to your Company, Sir. [*Exit* Gayleſs.] Now, dear Madam *Fortune*, for once open your Eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate Man of Parts addreſſing you; now is your Time to convince your Foes, you are not that blind whimſical Whore they take you for; but let 'em ſee by your aſſiſting me, that Men of Senſe, as well as Fools, are ſometimes intitled to your Favour and Protection.——So much for Prayer, now for a great Noiſe and a Lye. [*goes aſide and cries out.*] Help, help, Maſter; help, Gentlemen, Ladies; Murder, Fire, Brimſtone; help, help, help!

[*Enter Mr.* Gayleſs *and Ladies with Cards in their Hands, and* Sharp *enters running and meets 'em.*

Gay. What's the Matter?

Sharp. Matter, Sir, if you don't run this Minute with that Gentleman, this Lady's Nephew will be murder'd; I am ſure 'twas he, he was ſet upon the Corner of the Street, by four; he has kill'd two, and if you don't make haſte, he'll be either murdered or took to Priſon.

Gay.

Gad. For Heaven's Sake, Gentlemen, run to his Aſſiſtance. How I tremble for *Meliſſa*! this Frolick of hers may be fatal. (*Aſide.*

Gay. Draw, Sir, and follow me.

[*Exit* Gay *and* Gad.

Trip. Not I; I dont care to run myſelf into needleſs Quarrels; I have ſuffered too much formerly by flying into Paſſions: beſides, I have pawn'd my Honour to Mrs. *Trippit*, never to draw my Sword again; and in her preſent Condition, to break my Word might have fatal Conſequences.

Sharp. Pray, Sir, dont excuſe yourſelf, the young Gentleman may be murder'd by this Time.

Trip. Then my Aſſiſtance will be of no Service to him; however——I'll go to oblige you, and look on at a Diſtance.

Mrs. Trip. I ſhall certainly faint, Mr. *Tripit*, if you Draw.

Enter Guttle, *diſorder'd, as from Sleep.*

Gut. What Noiſe and Confuſion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there is a Man murder'd in the Street:

Gay. Is that all—zounds, I was afraid you had throw'd the Supper down——a Plague of your Noiſe I ſhan't recover my Stomach this half Hour.

Enter Gayleſs *and* Gadabout, *with* Meliſſa *in Boy's Clothes dreſs'd in the French Manner.*

Gad. Well, but my dear *Jemmy*, you are not hurt, ſure?

Mel. A little with riding Poſt only.

Gad. Mr. *Sharp* alarm'd us all with an Account of your being ſet upon by four Men; that you had kill'd two, and was attacking the other when he came away, and when we met you at the Door, we were running to your Reſcue.

Mel. I had a ſmall Rencounter with half a dozen Villains; but finding me reſolute, they were wiſe enough

nough to take to their Heels; I believe I ſcratch'd ſome of 'em. [*laying her Hand to her Sword.*]

Sharp. His Vanity has ſav'd my Credit. I have a Thought come into my Head may prove to our Advantage, provided *Monſieur's* Ignorance bears any Proportion to his Impudence. [*Aſide.*]

Gad. Now my Fright's over, let me introduce you, my Dear, to Mr. *Gayleſs*; Sir, this is my Nephew.

Gay. [*Saluting her*] Sir, I ſhall be proud of your Friendſhip.

Mel. I don't doubt but we ſhall be better acquainted in a little Time.

Gut. Pray, Sir, what News in *France?*

Mel. Faith, Sir, very little that I know of in the political Way; I had no Time to ſpend among the Politicians. I was———

Gay, Among the Ladies, I ſuppoſe.

Mel. Too much indeed. Faith, I have not Philoſophy enough to reſiſt their Solicitations; you take me [*to* Gayleſs *aſide.*]

Gay. Yes, to be a moſt incorrigible Fop, s'Death, this Puppy's Impertinence is an Addition to my Miſery. [*Aſide to* Sharp.]

Mel. Poor *Gayleſs*, to what Shifts is he reduced to? I cannot bear to ſee him much longer in this Condition, I ſhall diſcover myſelf. [*Aſide to* Gadabout.]

Gad. Not before the End of the Play; beſides the more his Pain now, the greater his Pleaſure when relieved from it.

Trip. Shall we return to our Cards? I have a *ſans prendere* here, and muſt inſiſt you play it out.

Ladies. With all my Heart.

Mel. Aolons donc.

[*As the Company goes out,* Sharp *pulls* Meliſſa *by the Sleeve.*]

Sharp. Sir, Sir, ſhall I beg Leave to ſpeak with you? Pray, did you find a Bank-note in your way hither?

Meliſſ What, between here and *Dover* do you mean?

Sharp. No, Sir, within twenty or thirty Yards of this houſe.

Meliſſ.

Meliſſ. You are drunk, Fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, Sir; but not drunk, I'll aſſure you.

Meliſſ. What is all this?

Sharp. I'll tell you, Sir: A little while ago my Maſter ſent me out to change a Note of Twenty Pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a Noiſe in the Street of, Damn-me, Sir, and claſhing of Swords, and Raſcal, and Murder; I runs up to the Place, and ſaw four Men upon one; and having heard you was a mettleſome young Gentleman, I immediately concluded it muſt be you, ſo run back to call my maſter, and when I went to look for the Note to change it, I found it gone, either ſtole or loſt; and if I don't get the Money immediately, I ſhall certainly be turned out of my Place, and loſe my Character.———

Meliſſ. I ſhall laugh in his Face. [*Aſide.*] Oh, I'll ſpeak to your Maſter about it, and he will forgive you at my interceſſion.

Sharp. Ah, Sir, you don't know my Maſter.

Mel. I am very little acquainted with him; but I have heard he's a very good-natur'd Man.

Sharp. I have heard ſo too, but I have felt it otherwiſe; he has ſo much good-nature, that if I could compound for one Broken-head a Day, I ſhould think my ſelf very well off.

Meliſſ. Are you ſerious, Friend?

Sharp. Look'e, Sir, I take you for a Man of Honour; there is ſomething in your Face, that is generous, open, and maſculine; you don't look like a foppiſh, effeminate Tell-tale; ſo I'll venture to truſt you. —See here, Sir, [*ſhews his head,*] theſe are the Effects of my Maſter's Good nature.

Mel. Matchleſs Impudence! [*Aſide.*] Why do you live with him then after ſuch Uſage?

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of Money, and when he's drunk which is commonly once a Day, he's very free, and will give me any thing; but I deſign to leave him when he's married for all that.

Mel.

Mel. Is he going to be married then?

Sharp. To-morrow, Sir, and between you and I, he'll meet with his Match both for Humour and ſomething elſe too.

Mel. What, ſhe drinks too?

Sharp. Damnably, Sir; but mum,—You muſt know this Entertainment was deſign'd for Madam to Night; but ſhe got ſo very gay after Dinner, that ſhe could not walk out of her own Houſe; ſo her Maid, who was half gone too, came here with an Excuſe, that Mrs. *Meliſſa* had got the Vapours, and ſo ſhe had indeed violently; here, here, Sir, [*pointing to his Head.*]

Mel. This is ſcarcely to be born. [*Aſide*] *Meliſſa!* I have heard of her; they ſay ſhe's very whimſical.

Sharp. A very Woman, and pleaſe your Honour, and, between you and I, none of the mildeſt or wiſeſt of her Sex———but to return Sir, to the Twenty Pounds.

Mel. I am ſurpriz'd, you, who have got ſo much Money in his Service, ſhould be at a Loſs for Twenty Pounds, to ſave your Bones at this Juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my Money out at Intereſt; I never keep above five Pounds by me; and if your Honour would lend me the other fifteen, and take my Note for it. [*Knocking.*]

Mel. Somebody's at the Door.

Sharp. I can give very good Security. [*Knocking.*]

Mel. Don't let the People wait Mr.———

Sharp. Ten Pounds will do. [*Knocking.*]

Mel. Allez vous en.

Sharp. Five, Sir, [*Knocking.*]

Mel. Je ne puis pas.

Sharp. Je ne puis pas.—I find we ſhan't underſtand one another, I do but loſe Time; and, if I had any Thought, I might have known theſe young Fops return from their Travels generally with as little Money as Improvement. [*Exit Sharp.*

Mel. Ha, ha, ha, what Lies does this Fellow invent, and what Rogueries does he commit for his Maſter's Service? There never ſure was a more faithful Servant

vant to his Maſter, or a greater Rogue to the reſt of Mankind; but here he comes again, the Plot thickens, I'll in and obſeve *Gayleſs*. [*Exit* Meliſſa.

Enter Sharp *before ſeveral Perſons with Diſhes in their Hands, and a Cook drunk.*

Sharp. Fortune I thank thee, the moſt lucky Accident! [*aſide.*] This Way, Gentlemen, this Way.

Cook. I am afraid I have miſtook the houſe. Is this Mr. *Treatwells*?

Sharp. The ſame, the ſame: What, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you!——Are you ſure there was a Supper beſpoke here?

Sharp. Yes: Upon my Honour, Mr. *Cook*, the Company is in the next Room, and muſt have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw in a Table. I ſee you have brought a Cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good Stock of Linen——at the Pawn-broker's [*Aſide.*]

[*Exit, and returns immediately drawing in a Table.*] Come; come, my Boys, be quick, the Company begin to be very uneaſy; but I knew my old Friend Lick-ſpit here would not fail us.

Cook Lick-ſpit! I am no Friend of yours; ſo I deſire leſs Familiarity; Lick-ſpit too!

Enter Gayleſs, *and ſtares.*

Gay. What is all this?

Sharp. Sir, if the Sight of the Supper is offenſive, I can eaſily have it removed. [*Aſide to* Gayleſs

Gay. Prithee explain thy ſelf, *Sharp*.

Sharp. Some of our Neighbours, I ſuppoſe, have beſpoke this Supper; but the Cook has drank away his memory, forgot the Houſe, and brought it here; however, Sir, if you diſlike it, I'll tell him of his miſtake, and ſend him about his Buſineſs.

Gay. Hold, hold, Neceſſity obliges me againſt my Inclination to favour the Cheat and feaſt at my Neighbour's Expence.

Cook. Hark you, Friend, is that you Maſter?

Sharp. Ay, and the beſt Maſter in the World.

Cook. I'll ſpeak to him then — Sir, I have according to your Commands dreſs'd as genteel a Supper as my Art and your Price would admit of.

Sharp. Good again, Sir, 'tis paid for.

(*Aſide to* Gayleſs.

Gay. I dont in the leaſt queſtion your Abilities, Mr. *Cook*, and I am oblig'd to you for your Care.

Cook. Sir, you are a Gentleman, —— and if you would but look over the Bill and approve it (*pulls out a Bill*) you will ever and above return the Obligation.

Sharp. Oh the Devil!

Gay. (*looking on a Bill*) Very well, I'll ſend my man to pay you To-morrow.

Cook. I'll ſpare him that Trouble, and take it with me Sir—I never work but for ready money.

Gay. Hah?

Sharp. Then you won't have our Cuſtom. [*Aſide* my Maſter is buſy now, Friend; do you think he wou'r pay you?

Cook. No matter what I think; either my meat or my money.

Sharp. 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you To-night.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me To-morrow, ſo d'ye hear ——

Enter Meliſſa.

Gay. Prithee be adviſ'd, s'death, I ſhall be diſcover'd. (*Takes the Cook aſide.*

Meliſſ. (*to* Sharp) What's the matter?

Sharp. The Cook has not quite anſwer'd my Maſter's Expectations about the Supper, Sir, and he's a little angry at him, that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr. *Gayleſs* don't be uneaſy, a Batchelor cannot be ſuppoſed to have Things in the utmoſt Regularity; we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel. What does that drunken Fool ſay?

Cook. That I will have my Money, and I won't ſtay till To-morrow —— and, and ——

Sharp.

Sharp. (*runs and ſtops his Mouth*) Hold, hold what are you doing? Are you mad?

Mel. What do you ſtop the man's Breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you Names——— don't be abuſive, *Cook*, the Gentleman is a Man of Honour, and ſaid nothing to you; pray be pacify'd you are in Liquor.

Cook. I will have my———

Sharp (*holding ſtill*) Why, I tell you, Fool, you miſtake the Gentleman, he is a Friend of my Maſter's, and has not ſaid a Word to you—Pray, good Sir, go into the next Room; the Fellow's drunk, and takes you for another—You'll repent this when you are ſober, Friend—Pray, Sir, don't ſtay to hear his Impertinence.

Gay. Pray, Sir, walk in—He's below your Anger.

Mel. Damn the Raſcal! what does he mean by affronting me!———Let the Scoundrel go, I'll poliſh his Brutality, I warrant you: Here's the beſt Reformer of Manners in the Univerſe. [*Draws his Sword,*] Let him go, I ſay.

Sharp. So, So, you have done finely, now——Get away as faſt as you can; he's the moſt couragious mettleſome Man in all *England*———Why, if his Paſſion was up, he could eat you———Make your Eſcape, you Fool!

Cook. I won't———Eat me! He'll find me damn'd hard of Digeſtion tho'———

Sharp. Prithee come here, let me ſpeak with you. [*They walk aſide.*

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Gad's me, is Supper on the Table already?——Sir, pray defer it for a few Moments; my Miſtreſs is much better, and will be here immediately.

Gay. Will ſhe indeed! Bleſs me——I did not expect——but however——*Sharp*?

Kitty

Kitty. What Succeſs, Madam? [*Aſide to* Meliſſa.

Mel. As we could wiſh, Girl——but he is in ſuch Pain and Perplexity I can't hold it out much longer.

Kitty. Ay, that not holding out is the Ruin of half our Sex.

Sharp. I have pacify'd the Cook, and if you can but borrow twenty Pieces of that young Prig, all may go well yet; you may ſucceed though I could not: Remember what I told you——about it ſtraight, Sir——

Gay. Sir, Sir, [to *Meliſſa*] I beg to ſpeak a Word with you; my Servant, Sir, tells me he has had the Misfortune, Sir, to loſe a Note of mine of twenty Pounds, which I ſent him to receive——and the Bankers Shops being ſhut up, and having very little Caſh by me, I ſhould be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty Pieces till to-morrow.

Mel. Oh Sir, with all my Heart [*Taking out her Purſe*] and as I have a ſmall Favour to beg of you, Sir, the Obligation will be mutual.

Gay. How may I oblige you, Sir?

Mel. You are to be marry'd, I hear, to *Meliſſa*.

Gay. To-morrow, Sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, Sir, by never ſeeing her again.

Gay. Do you call this a ſmall Favour, Sir!

Mel. A meer Trifle. Sir——breaking of Contracts, ſuing for Divorces, committing Adultery, and ſuch like, are all reckon'd Trifles now-a-days; and ſmart young Fellows, like you and myſelf, *Gayleſs*, ſhould be never out of Faſhion.

Gay. But pray, Sir, how are you concerned in this Affair!

Mel. Oh Sir, you muſt know I have a very great Regard for *Meliſſa*, and, indeed, ſhe for me; and by the by, I have a moſt deſpicable Opinion of you; for, *entre nous*, I take you, *Charles*, to be a very great Scoundrel.

Gay.

Gay. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, Sir! and give yourſelf Airs——Damme, Sir, I ſhall be through your Body elſe in the ſnapping of a Finger.

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, Villain!

[*Draws and makes at* Meliſſa.

Kitty Hold, hold, murder! you'll kill my miſtreſs——the young Gentleman I mean.

Gay. Ah! her miſtreſs! [*Drops his Sword.*

Sharp. How! *Meliſſa*! nay, then drive away Cart.——All's over now.

Enter all the Company laughing.

Gad. What, Mr. *Gayleſs*, engaging with *Meliſſa* before your Time. Ah, ah, ah!

Kitty. Your humble Servant, good Mr. Politician, [*to* Sharp.] This is, Gentlemen and Ladies, the moſt celebrated and ingenious *Timothy Sharp*, Schemer General and redoubted Squire to the moſt renowned and fortunate Adventurer *Charles Gayleſs*, Knight of the Woeful Countenance: Ha, ha, ha!——Oh that diſmal Face, and more diſmal Head of yours. [*Strikes* Sharp *upon the Head.*]

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to diſturb a Man in his laſt Agonies.

Mel. Now, Mr. *Gayleſs*!——what, not a Word! you are ſenſible I can be no Stranger to your Misfortunes, and I might reaſonably expect an Excuſe for your ill Treatment of me.

Gay. No, Madam, Silence is my only Refuge; for to endeavour to vindicate my Crimes would ſhew a greater Want of Virtue than even the Commiſſion of 'em.

Mel. Oh. *Gayleſs*! 'twas poor to impoſe upon a Woman, and one that lov'd you too.

Gay. O moſt unpardonable; but my Neceſſities—

Sharp. And mine, Madam, were not to be match'd, I'm ſure, o'this ſide ſtarving.

Mel.

Mel. His Tears have ſoften'd me at once — Your Neceſſities, Mr. *Gayleſs*, with ſuch real Contrition are too powerful Motives not to affect the Breaſt already prejudiced in your Favour — You have ſuffered too much already for your Extravagance; and as I take part in your Sufferings, 'tis eaſing myſelf to relieve you: know therefore, all that's paſt I freely forgive.

Gay. You cannot mean it ſure; I am loſt in Wonder.

Mel. Prepare your ſelf for more Wonder ——— You have another Friend in Maſquerade here: Mr. *Cook*, pray throw aſide your Drunkenneſs, and make your ſober Appearance — Don't you know that Face, Sir?

Cook. Ay, Maſter, what, have you forgot your Friend *Dick*, as you us'd to call me?

Gay. More Wonder indeed! don't you live with my Father?

Mel. Juſt after your hopeful Servant there had left me, comes this Man from Sir *William* with a Letter to me, upon which (being by that wholly convinced of your neceſſitous Condition) I invented, by the Help of *Kitty* and Mrs. *Gadabout*, this little Plot, in which your Friend *Dick* there has acted Miracles, reſolving to teaze you a little, that you might have a greater Reliſh for a happy Turn in your Affairs. Now, Sir, read that Letter, and compleat your Joy.

Gay. [Reads] *Madam, I am Father to the unfortunate young Man, who, I hear by a Friend of mine (that by my Deſire, has been a continual Spy upon him) is making his Addreſſes to you; if he is ſo happy as to make himſelf agreeable to you (whoſe Character I am charm'd with) I ſhall own him with Joy for my Son, and forget his former Follies.*

I am, Madam,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

William Gayleſs.

P. S. *I will be ſoon in Town myſelf to congratulate his Reformation and Marriage.*

Oh,

Oh, *Meliſſa*, this is too much; thus let me ſhew my Thanks and Gratitude, [*Kneeling ſhe raiſes him*] for here 'tis only Due.

Sharp. A Reprieve! a Reprieve! a Reprieve!

Kitty. I have been, Sir, a moſt bitter Enemy to you; but ſince you are likely to be a little more converſant with Caſh than you have been, I am now with the greateſt Sincerity your moſt obedient Friend and humble Servant. And I hope, Sir, all former Enmity will be forgotten.

Gay. Oh, Mrs. *Pry*, I have been too much indulged with Forgiveneſs myſelf not to forgive leſſer Offences in other People.

Sharp. Well then, Madam, ſince my Maſter has vouchſaf'd Pardon to your Handmaid *Kitty*, I hope you'll not deny it to his Footman *Timothy*.

Mel. Pardon! for what?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thouſand Lies, Madam, and, among the reſt, inſinuating that your Ladyſhip would———

Mel. I underſtand you; and can forgive any thing, *Sharp*, that was deſign'd for the Service of your Maſter; and if *Pry* and you will follow our Example, I'll give her a ſmall Fortune as a Reward for both your Fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, Madam, 'twould be better to half the ſmall Fortune between us, and keep us both ſingle; for as we ſhall live in the ſame Houſe, in all probability we may taſte the Comforts of Matrimoney, and not be troubled with its Inconveniencies; what ſay you, *Kitty*?

Kitty. Do you hear, *Sharp*, before you talk of the Comforts of Matrimony, taſte the Comforts of a good Dinner, and recover your Fleſh a little; do, Puppy.

Sharp. The Devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no Match for her at any Weapon.

Mel. And now, Mr. *Gayleſs*, to ſhew I have not provided for you by halves, let the Muſick prepare them-

themſelves, and, with the Approbation of the Company, we'll have a Dance.

All. By all means, a Dance.

Gut. By all means a Dance; after Supper tho.'—

Sharp. Oh, pray, Sir, have Supper firſt, or, I'm ſure, I ſhan't live till the Dance is finiſhed.

Gay. Behold, *Meliſſa*, as ſincere a Convert as ever Truth and Beauty made. The wild impetuous Sallies of my Youth are now blown over, and a moſt pleaſing Calm of perfect Happineſs ſucceeds.

Thus Ætna's Flames the verdant Earth conſume,
But milder Heat makes drooping Nature bloom:
So virtuous Love affords us ſpringing Joy,
Whilſt vicious Paſſions, as they burn, deſtroy.

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